

DISASTER ERASES CLASS DISTINCTION

EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO PLACES RICH AND POOR ON SAME LEVEL.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT CATASTROPHE

Millionaire and Pauper Now Friends—Business Being Conducted Amid the Ruins—Heir to Wealth Born on Sidewalk.

San Francisco, Cal.—This town is "on the level" in every sense of the word, writes Richard Barry. You can stand on Tar flat and see Telegraph hill with no obstruction but a few skyscraper skeletons. South of Van Ness avenue it is not even a junk heap. No more ghoulies are shot because there is nothing to steal, and they will have to pay men to carry off the smashed bricks. Russian, Telegraph and Nob hills, which formerly made such a magnificent metropolitan saddle against the Golden Gate, look as they do in the prints of '49, when scrubby bushes rambed across their barren faces. They have been scraped of foul and fair by a mighty muck rake. The homes of threefourths of the people are annihilated, and as one walks through the desolation he slowly realizes that the world can never know what has happened; that 100 Pompeis would be swallowed in these ruins and that California in tragedy, as in all else, has shaken her jaunty fist in the face of history and written "Hiss" to the volume.

Social Distinctions Levelled.

Yet these smashed buildings and desolate streets do not present the significant leveling. The material loss is great, but it does not stagger the imagination. A few hundred millions will mend the hurt and there are many people here to-day who think the shake-up is worth the leveling. Society is on the ground, face to face. Every artificial barrier is swept away. The social distinctions built up in 50 years have been obliterated with the same swiftness and finality shown by the flames toward the property. The loss of life is small, the loss of social position colossal. Down to the elements, now nothing counts but human loss. Money has momentarily lost its purchasing power. Servants, luxury, habits, prestige—yes, amity, feuds, hatred, jealousy and contempt have disappeared. Humanity is in the flat and every one is on the level.

Here are a few random incidents picked from the edge of the cataclysm: Fillmore street, a third-rate metropolitan artery, has become for the moment the business center of the town. Here, in dinky bakeries, cheap candy stores, tawdry photograph galleries and insignificant lodging houses, are found all that is left of the greatest business institutions on the Pacific coast. A sawmill that formerly employed 4,000 men has its office in a hall bedroom that used to rent for one dollar a week. A bakery that employed 300 carts before the fire is operating out of a hand laundry that was run by three women. The largest department store in the west is being resurrected from a soda water stand that has been roughly partitioned, the front 14 by 16 feet space being used for an office. In a rear room of similar extent the exclusive heads go for frijoles and coffee warmed over an alcohol lamp.

Odd Quarters for City Officials.

You can see the chief of police in San Francisco as easily as you could see the sheriff of the most backwoods county in Arizona. He sits in the window of a corner grocery and as you pass on the sidewalk you glance at his bright face and hear his hearty laugh. The mayor issues his orders from the lodge room of a secret society. The superior court is being held in a Jewish synagogue, while the city and county records are buried in a tomb in the Masonic cemetery.

The newspapers that once occupied the principal skyscrapers in the city are being operated from four little rooms in the same block, no one of which has more than a 30-foot front or a 50-foot depth. On one side of each room you can see the sign "Subscription Department," on the other "Advertising Department," while on each rear wall is hung a rough sign, "Editorial Department."

One Newspaper Office a Bedroom.

One of the most fortunate papers, after much maneuvering, has managed to commandeer a second-floor bedroom, the nature of whose previous occupants is attested by the notice still hanging from the chandelier, which reads, "Don't Blow Out the Gas." In this tiny room, around two small tables, is congregated the journalistic talent that formerly conducted a world-famous organ from a suite of 15 rooms in one of the most magnificent buildings in the west.

10,000 Acres Burned Over.

A well-known Oakland engineer states that the area devastated by the fire in San Francisco approximates 10,000 acres, or about 15 square miles. There are few cities in the world where so much valuable property is contained in an equal territory. Within this 15 square miles were nearly 100 banks, some of the finest buildings in the world, thousands of mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and more than 230,000 inhabitants, besides 49,000 transients.

If further proof were needed of the leveling character of conditions it might have been seen yesterday afternoon, when "Mike" De Young, of the Chronicle, millionaire and political leader, stood in front of one of these little offices. Down the street in an automobile belonging to ex-Mayor James D. Phelan came Abe Reuf, the triumphant Republican boss. When he saw De Young he waved his hat and called out a hearty greeting, to which De Young responded with a gay salute. For one not intimate with this means he must be told that Reuf, Phelan and De Young are the respective leaders of the most bitter and antagonistic political factions in the west.

If you still doubt that the millenium is upon us go down the street two blocks to where the relief committee is working 24 hours a day from the showroom of a vegetable grocer and you will find Gavin McNabb and Abe Reuf with chairs and arms touching, laughing at the same grim earthquake jokes and putting the two craftiest heads in San Francisco together for the immediate relief of the afflicted. A week ago as the bosses respectively of the Republican and Democratic ranks, America could have afforded no more striking instance of deadly rivalry than would have been adduced by mention of these two names.

Resurrecting a Dry Goods Store.

From another clear stand white-haired, esthetic Raphael Weil is resurrecting the most fashionable dry goods store in the city. He is old, wealthy and practically retired. He could easily turn his back on San Francisco and live the rest of his days, the one other place of his delight; but says he: "I shall stay here and see it all up again just as it was—with perhaps one difference. It will be about twice as good."

Up and down all the streets one can see curbstones fires, where the people are cooking their meals in obedience to the municipal order to light no fires in the houses. They bring without large ranges, small kitchen stoves, improvised sheet iron ovens and the old brick Dutch ovens are used and from which are turned out some wonderful concoctions.

Most of the servants have either run away or been sent away and the people who get their own meals out of doors are among the best in the city. Cooking their dinners in the streets may be seen girls who have been educated at Stanford, Berkeley, Vassar and Bryn Mawr.

Spreckels Heir Born on Sidewalk.

But of all the astounding leveling feats accomplished by the fire and earthquake the most remarkable occurred in front of the Pacific avenue home of Rudolf Spreckels, son of the president of the sugar trust. There on the sidewalk, behind some screens, Mrs. Spreckels was safely delivered of a handsome and healthy son. It is a free state, everyone beginning over again, rich and poor alike, just as the front rank broke from the line the day Oklahoma territory was opened to settlement.

Not Fair Shake; Start Again.

Young men who can swing a small capital to-day will be millionaires in a few years. Millionaires who to-day are walking the streets mourning over their ill-luck will never again be flush. San Francisco, queen city of chance, born of the gambling fever, bred of the gambling energy, dreamed out of a gambler's visions of wealth and glory, with a fierce and terrible grandeur, has smitten all who loved her and said to the half million who had sworn by her: "It's not a fair shake; start again."

Rescue Insane People.

Many stories of heroism lie buried in the ruins, but some tales that make the heart tingle are slowly filtering through official sources. This is the story of the noble work performed by Mrs. Kane, matron of the Detention hospital, and Policeman John McLean, who was detailed there the night of the great earthquake. The insane patients at the ruined city hall were kept in locked cells, from which only the keys of the stewards could free them. At the hour of dawn on that fatal Wednesday morning, the structure in which the courts were housed was the first to fall. The weight tense nervous emergency and the officer the detention hospital, which was on the ground floor. Steward Manville was so badly injured by the falling ruins that he died two days later. Mrs. Kane and Policeman McLean, however, managed to rush outside to momentary safety. Both of them are well advanced in years, but the nurse is a woman of intense nervous energy and the officer is a man of giant frame. As soon as they reached the open court they were greeted by the terrified shrieks of the insane that pierced through the smoking ruins around. They refused to leave their helpless charges, and both went back into the chaotic debris.

New Buildings Are Planned.

The work of rebuilding San Francisco will proceed rapidly. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs of New York has agreed to repair the Rialto building and to build again on the site of the Crossley. She and her sister, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., have also stated that they will put up solid office structures on their Montgomery street site.

To Ask Loan of Congress.

Congress may be asked to appropriate \$100,000,000 to rebuild a new metropolis on the Pacific coast on the site of the devastated city, the money to be loaned on real estate security for 25 years at two per cent. per annum.

This project, it is said, will be laid before the president and the leaders of both political parties in congress by Herbert Law, a San Francisco capitalist, after a conference with the leading business men of the city.

Loss of Life Exaggerated.

TEXAS TOWN VISITED BY A DISASTROUS TORNADO

Fourteen Persons Killed by Cyclone, and Only Three Buildings in the Town Left Standing.

Bellevue, Tex.—A tornado swept through this place Thursday, destroying everything in its path, and as a result practically the entire town is a mass of ruins, only three buildings now standing. At least fourteen persons are dead and a number injured. The tornado was followed by fire which consumed the wreckage. The town of Bellevue consisted of over 200 houses.

Stoneburg was also visited by the cyclone, at least twenty people being killed or fatally injured and much damage done to property.

Dispatches from Hico, 130 miles south of Bellevue, are to the effect that Hamilton, the county seat, was also devastated by the tornado and several lives lost.

Relief trains are being rushed forward to the stricken towns as rapidly as possible.

MONARCHIST CONGRESS.

Series of Reactionary Resolutions Adopted.

Moscow.—The congress of monarchists which has been in session closed its deliberations Thursday by the adoption of a series of extremely reactionary resolutions, declaring that the new parliament is not representative of Russian public opinion, and pronouncing itself against the autonomy of Poland and the annulment of the privileges of the Germans in the Baltic provinces. The congress further declared itself in favor of the abolition of the privileges granted to the Finns and of treating Jews as foreigners and excluding them from all rights, such as the purchase or renting of lands or education in the middle school or universities. The proceedings closed with a speech by Professor Nicholas, a noted reactionary, in which, to the accompaniment of cheers, he prophesied a counter revolution to restore the old regime, which would cost the lives of 7,000,000 Jews and Constitutional Democrats.

LATEST FROM SANTA ROSA.

Fifty-one Dead, Sixty-three Injured, Seven Missing.

Santa Rosa, Cal.—The latest figures show fifty-one dead, sixty-three injured and seven missing. The entire business section of the town was destroyed and many residences went down. Twenty fires started, but the water supply was unimpaired, and within three hours the flames were under control, despite the fact that the engine house was ruined. Out of the disaster from communication with the rest of the world, Santa Rosa knew nothing of the destruction of San Francisco until the arrival from there of a trainload of nearly 1,000 refugees, begging for help that could not be given them. But nearly 1,000 towns came to the rescue and after a period of starvation and suffering, aid was received.

TURKS AND GREEKS FIGHT.

Engage in Fatal Duel on Road Between Salonica and Monastir.

Salonica.—A band of sixty Greeks, several of whom, dressed in the uniform of the Greek army, were attacked by Turkish troops near Kavaria, on the road leading from Salonica to Monastir, Wednesday evening. The fight lasted until Thursday, when the Greeks retreated, leaving thirteen men killed on the field. Three Turks were killed and five wounded.

Wrecked by Earthquake.

Santa Cruz, Cal.—On the day of the earthquake fourteen men were killed at Loma Preta, ten miles from here, by the crushing of a sawmill by a landslide. There were fifteen men in the mill and only one escaped. He brought the news of the disaster to this city. The court house in Santa Cruz is in such condition that it will probably have to be razed with dynamite. It is in a very dangerous condition, and the county officials refuse to enter it.

Bernhardt Raising Funds.

Chicago.—President Roosevelt gave by telegraph shortly after noon on Thursday a signal that started the all-star entertainment given under the Bernhardt tent on the lake front here, for the benefit of the San Francisco sufferers. The tent was thrown open early for a concert by a volunteer orchestra of 500. After the president's signal was received, Mme. Bernhardt made an address. She was followed by a long programme, in which actors now playing at the variety theatres of the city took part.

New Proposition by Miners.

New York.—The anthracite coal operators announced Thursday, through their officers in this city, that Chairman George F. Baer of their conference committee has received a telegram from President Mitchell of the miners' union, intimating that a letter containing a counter proposition for the miners had been forwarded to him, Mr. Baer. The telegram asked for an early consideration of the proposition that the decision of the operators may be submitted to the miners at their convention.

LAFFITE OF LOUISIANA BY MARY DEVEREUX WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON (Copyright, 1903, by Little, Brown and Company) (All Rights Reserved)

CHAPTER XIII.

The sun was nearly two hours high when Laffite awoke from slumber, and prepared to make himself ready for the responsible and arduous duties lying before him.

In view of Laro's dying request, he had considered carefully the arrangements for Laffite's immediate future, and this he unfolded to Ma'am Brigida, Laffite's old nurse and companion, after sending Ezra to superintend the gathering of such stores as were to be taken to the shore, preparatory to putting them aboard the "Black Petrel" and another craft, which was to sail under command of Ezra, who, in addition to his other valuable attainments, was a skillful navigator.

As to the slaves, of whom there were several hundred, it was not prudent to attempt taking them in a body to Louisiana; and Laffite decided, for the present, to leave by far the greater number of them upon the island, where there was abundant food and shelter, and take with him only a few, including such as Laffite should select for her own.

A rustle of draperies, a stealing of perfume like that of jessamine flowers, a pair of soft arms thrown about his neck, and a rain of passionate kisses on his face and head—these roused him quickly, as a rich voice, broken by tears, cried, "Jean, my own Jean."

Still clinging to him, she threw her arms clinging to him so closely that it was difficult for him to disengage them without risk of hurting her.

"You have been so long, so long away, and I was so glad you had come back to me! Ah, Jean, will you not know how dearly I love you? I would follow you to death if you would but say that you love me in return!"

Jean Laffite was a man, and possessed a man's nature. But there was scarce an added throb to his heart-beats as he looked down into the beautiful face.



"Are you insane, Senorita Laffite?" he asked.

Its glorious eyes, brilliant coloring, and full crimson lips affected him with a sudden loathing, while he felt the velvety arms around his neck.

He yet had the arrogance of youth; and this gave severity to his judgment, making him fail to consider her girlishness, her ignorance of conventionalities, or to make excuses for her impetuous, untrained nature.

"Speak!" she cried, showering kisses upon his clothing. "Are you dumb, that you will not answer me? Then I will draw the words from your lips!" And pulling his head down, she kissed him.

At this, gripping her white arms with unconscious force, he tore them from his neck, and pushed her from him as he rose to his feet.

"Are you insane, Senorita Laffite?" he asked, in a tone whose coldness caused her to shiver, as she stood like a criminal before a judge.

"You are unnerved by what has come to you, and do not know what you are saying," he continued, in a low, even voice that affected her like an icy torrent rushing into a tropical stream. "I will be your friend; and you must believe that you have my sympathy, and my wish to be of all possible service to you."

She showed no recognition of his offer, but remained silent, with drooping head and heaving breast.

"Forget what you have said, as shall I, and let us be friends," he added, still calmly, but with kindness. "Let us work together, for there is much to be done. Remember," he said finally, in answering to a questioning look in the face she now raised to him, "we must sail this night for New Orleans, or the English may make us prisoners, and deal out such insults to you as I might be unable to prevent."

She made no reply, but turned and left the room.

Two stories of the building were above ground; how many there were below was known definitely to no one save Laffite, Lazalle and Ma'am Brigida. Ezra and a few of the sub-fleets knew something of the vaults and passages; but they were ignorant of the treasure concealed there,—its bulk, value, and location.

Laffite, not wishing the Arab to obtain more accurate knowledge, proceeded, with the Irishwoman's help, to

guns was seen advancing from the island's shore.

The greater number of the English slaves fled inland, to hide in the thickets and gullies. But some of the more intelligent sought the shelter of the stone stronghold; and, finding it deserted, they quickly shut and barred the oaken gate.

It was not long before a storm of blows upon the gate called some of them to it; and, looking through a loophole, they saw the strangers gathered behind a commanding officer who was demanding entrance in the king's name.

The terrified slaves—a few of whom understood the words—lost no time in obeying, and were soon assured that no harm would come to them from the invaders, whose leader, upon questioning the negroes, was made aware of the condition of affairs.

Meanwhile, notherly sailed the "Black Petrel," with Laffite in command, and with him Lopez and a picked crew—such men as he knew had his own cause at heart.

It was noon when the "Black Petrel" reached New Orleans; and Laffite came ashore immediately, bringing with him Lazalle and Ma'am Brigida.

No others left the brigantine, as its commander's sole business in the city was that of providing for the girl's immediate future, after which he proposed sailing at once for Barataria.

One of his most intimate friends was Philip La Roche, a man of middle age, and a banker of New Orleans. He was of fine family, of high social position, and a gentleman of the strictest honor.

It was to his care that Laffite committed Lazalle, after seeing her quartered safely, in company with Ma'am Brigida, at the Ursuline convent in the Place d'Armes.

Lazalle had, during the voyage, preserved an air of calmness to which was added an occasional touch of scorn; but when, while they were alone, Laffite bade her adieu, she put out a detaining hand, as she stood with downcast eyes before him.

"When am I to see you again?" she asked in a listless tone.

"That I cannot now say; but the mother superior will know how to communicate with me, if I am needed," he answered gently.

"And may I not return to the Barra de Hierro later on—after a while?" she inquired, with a humility which surprised him.

"It would be most imprudent for you to do so for some time to come, if ever, as you must surely know," he replied firmly, looking down into her face. "The English must have seized the island, and will doubtless hold it; and, as Laro's next of kin, you can scarcely hope for success, should you assert a claim to it as owner. But why wish to go back, when you are in safety here, with a fortune which will insure you perfect independence? What more can you ask?"

"I ask your love, and I want to be with you!" she exclaimed impetuously, snatching her hands away and throwing her arms around his neck, while with a sobbing cry she laid her head against his breast.

Laffite's face hardened as his fingers closed about her wrists and loosened her arms.

"That can never be, Lazalle—never. I have never known anything of love, and have no desire to learn of it now. I am not worth any woman's loving; nor can I afford to have any woman's fate linked with mine. Believe this, and accept it, and let us part friends." She turned from him, covering her face with her hands.

"Mr. Philip La Roche will call upon you in a day or two. He is one whom you can trust, and with whom you can advise safely; and I shall place your affairs in his hands."

Laffite had moved toward the door, and, turning at the threshold, he added, "Adios, Lazalle; and believe me when I say that if you ever need my services as a friend, you may count upon me."

She did not reply; and when she uncovered her face he was gone.

(To be continued.)

GOT PURSE FROM THE BAR.

Winner of Race Had Close Call in Collecting Money.

Mars Cassidy, the starter, is fond of telling the story of an incident which occurred when he was racing a string of horses on the unrecognized tracks of the outlaw circuit.

It was the last day of a meeting in a town not far from Jersey City and it was up to Cassidy to win a purse or walk to the next racing town. He had a fair skate in the last event of the day and had engaged a dare-devil jockey who he knew would take all kinds of chances. Just about a hundred yards from the finish on this roller-coaster track, there was a pitch-hole, such as often is seen on a country road in winter.

There had been so many falls at this spot, that the jockeys always eased up when approaching it. Cassidy commanded his rider to make his most desperate move right at this point and, sure enough, when the others took a wrap before reaching the gully, Cassidy's boy dug the spurs into his mount and won the race.

The owner, with a great load off his mind, went into the secretary's office to collect the purse.

"I'll have to send out for the money," said the secretary. "I have paid out everything on hand."

Cassidy's jaw dropped with a click, but he managed to say:

"Send out for it. Send where?"

"To the bartender," said the secretary, suavely.

"And, sure enough," says Cassidy, in relating the story, "it was from the bar till that they dug up my purse. If the bar had been closed, I guess I would be there yet."